

Rockefeller's City-in-the-bay May be sinking

GUARDIAN PHOTO BY PHIL PALMER

By Bruce B. Brugmann
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David Rockefeller's city-in-the-bay plans—the greatest threat ever to the open waters of San Francisco Bay—may never materialize, The Guardian has learned.

The reason: Rockefeller and his powerful development combine have tried, quietly but unsuccessfully, to secure clear title to thousands of acres of open water for the project south of San Francisco International Airport.

The multi-million dollar plans were announced recently with fling and flourish, but nothing has been said, then or later, about the fact that the project rests upon clouded titles, that the land is considered by many attorneys to be part of the public domain and that, once this information is made public, conservationists would have a mighty argument for shelling the scheme out of the water.

The Guardian learned that the State Lands Commission rejected a petition of 2½ years ago by the combine, Pacific Air Commerce Center (PACC), to clear quietly the corporation's clouded titles and establish solid legal footings for its residential and commercial project.

And commission spokesmen said there was no other way, except by court action, for PACC to clear titles dating back to the 1880s and bay-land sales that many authorities, including Mel Scott, author of the noted "The Future of San Francisco Bay," consider fraudulent.

NEITHER in public presentations nor in private conversations reported to the Guardian between PACC and San Francisco and San Mateo County representatives have these critical, perhaps fatal, problems of title been mentioned.

The proposal, enhanced by a film presentation with orchestra music, now is being sympathetically considered by the county's regional planning committee, a citizen's planning group; by most of San Mateo county's influential city, county and chamber of commerce officials, and by ranking San Francisco, airport and Public Utilities Commission officials.

Besides Rockefeller, other principals in the corporation are the Crocker Land Co. (which would provide the immense amount of necessary fill from its nearby San Bruno Mountain); the Ideal Cement Co. (which would provide the 10,000 or so acres of open water it claims from the airport to the Dumbarton Bridge) and Lazard Freres and Co. (a New York investment firm which, with Rockefeller, will put up most of the capital.)

THE announced proposal: to develop a 4,700-acre, airport-oriented "city in the bay" in open water between the airport and the San Mateo-Hayward Bridge. The unannounced prospects: further development, hinted in a handsome promotional brochure, along a serpentine strip of open water Ideal claims that arches south to the Dumbarton Bridge.

The result: vast obliteration of open water in the South Bay



Legend: A (San Mateo/Foster City); B (Redwood Shores); C (Menlo Park). White strip to be filled. (Guardian map by George Gardiner)

and vast destruction of San Bruno Mountain, the only accessible source for cheap fill of this magnitude.

Scott, assisted by key sources in the lands commission and state Attorney General's office, first put the spotlight on the murky origins of Ideal's open water titles.

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Burton vs. McAteer

AS THE BATTLE OPENS,
A STUDY IN METHODS

By our political correspondent

The race for the U.S. Senate has begun in San Francisco with a series of political maneuvers so marvelous they beg for inclusion in a book on practical political science.

The book would pose the situation of two men, both young, both clever and hard-working, both of the same political party and both with big ambitions.

One would be a state senator. Once a very important post, it has been badly weakened in power and prestige by reapportionment shifting the political muscle to another part of the state. The office holder, a man who has never lost an election, is extremely ambitious.

SO, TOO, is another bright, slightly younger man, a member of the U.S. House of Representatives. He has also tasted power and likes the feel of it on his palate. He, too, has proved to be a powerful vote-getter, winning in six campaigns in the last ten years. He, too, has eyes for bigger ponds with more plush lily pads.

Of course, our two young men are "J." (he prefers to quote the first initial in his press releases, says it doesn't stand for anything, but was added by his father for better balance) Eugene McAteer and Philip Burton.

If a book discussed them, it might point out how perfectly they typify the varying ways to success in the Democratic party in San Francisco.

McATEER is big, handsome, a former football hero at Cal (when it was, to use a Herb Caen term, a "clean"), a hunter of big game in Africa and a smiling, handshaking professional whose various business interests include Fisherman's Wharf and Sausalito restaurants. He is a winner who has success-

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Pages

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This increase was made possible by mounting support of advertisers and subscribers.

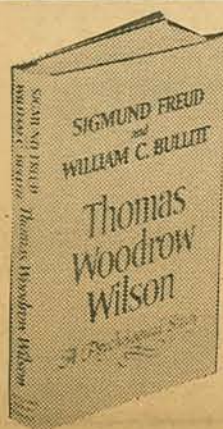
fully battled for public office since 1953.

He has been weaned on regular Democratic politics. He is not, to use a phrase of modern political science, issues oriented. He is McAteer-oriented, and his strength comes from good, solid middle-class businessmen, civil servants and other white collar workers who like their candidates Irish and their points of view non-controversial and responsible.

Burton, on the other hand, is a product of the Young Democrats and the California Democratic Council. He has been characterized as the "whole politician," who scores points by attending every breakfast, brunch, tea and fund-raising dinner in the Western Hemisphere. He concentrates on issues: civil rights, poverty, Vietnam. His strength lies in some traditional Democratic power sources in the big city: Negroes, Mexicans, Jews, labor, liberals and—a San Francisco exclusive—the Chinese.

It has been observed that if Burton would put his very astounding powers of organizing

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A startling
new book
written
27 years ago



A startling new portrait of Woodrow Wilson emerges from two Guardian exclusives: the first major West Coast review of Sigmund Freud's and William Bullitt's long unpublished manuscript on Wilson (Page 9) and the third installment of the previously unpublished letters of Sen. Hiram Johnson.



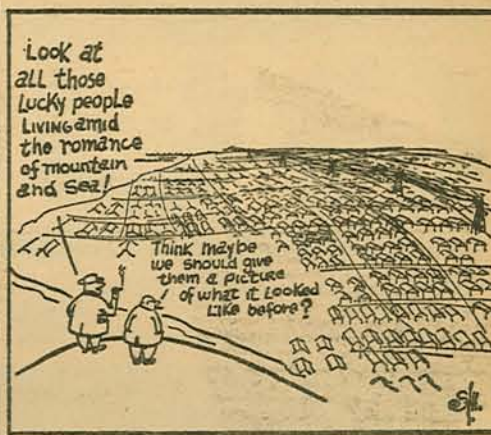
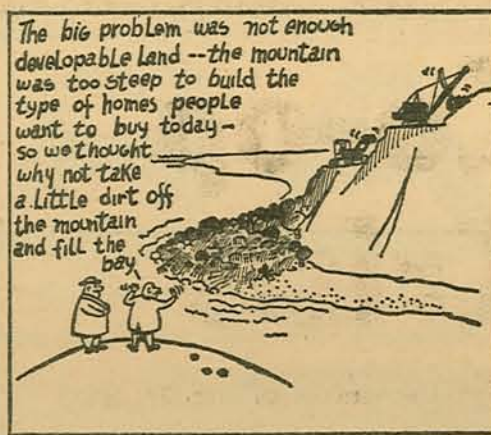
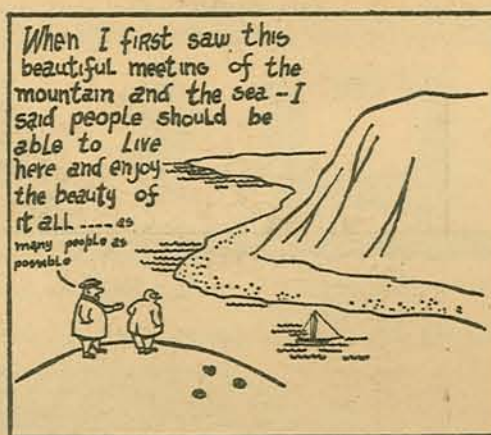
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VOICE OF
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State lands
Commission
refused
to clear
PACC titles
and question
is now . . .



How can developers start their huge Bay project?

Continued from Page 1—

In "The Future of San Francisco Bay," Scott wrote that an 1868 statute placed the sale of "swamp and overflowed, salt, marsh and tidelands" in the hands of the state surveyor-general. However, county surveyors assisted him in conveying tidelands to private applicants.

The county surveyors surveyed the lands sought and sent a survey to the surveyor-general stating that they were "tidelands belonging to the state above low tide," or lands exposed when the tide is at its lowest ebb. The surveyor-general approved the survey; then the applicant had 50 days to pay "one dollar per acre in gold coin" for the lands.

"UNDER the procedure," Scott wrote, "the county surveyors of San Mateo and Alameda Counties, in particular, unblushingly certified as lands 'above low tide' thousands of acres that lay 6 to 18 feet be-

low the waters of San Francisco Bay . . . these patents were no more astonishing at the time than others under which cattle barons and speculators acquired vast tracts of dry land in the Sacramento and San Joaquin Valley as 'swamp land.'"

Many of these fraudulently acquired lands in the South Bay, Scott continued, went into oyster production and evolved through several hands from the old Morgan Oyster Co. to Ideal Cement.

Some state attorneys, "knowing the history of the original patents, regard the more than 10,000 acres of submerged lands claimed by this firm as subject to adjudication," Scott said.

PACC's strategy, the Guardian's investigation made clear, was to settle its clouded titles without publicity with the lands commission, then file a friendly title action and enter the agreement as a court judgment. PACC would thus own

the open water free and clear, the project could proceed without title dangers and the bay as public domain would shrink further.

That the project depended heavily upon the settlement of the clouded title question was made plain in an inter-office memorandum, dated July 24, 1964, from R. G. Nadey, assistant civil engineer and the commission's foremost authority on bayland title questions, to Fred Kreft, the commission's executive officer.

PACC desires, Nadey wrote "to obtain a determination" from the commission "as to the areas for which title can be cleared before they make any further commitments on expenditure of many millions of dollars for development for air cargo facilities near Millbrae just south of the present San Francisco International Airport."

PACC representatives, he continued, "have stressed the idea

that in order to proceed with their project for establishing an air cargo terminal area in the vicinity of the present International Airport, they must be in a position to be assured of the status of title and particularly the possible counter-claims of the state as soon as is humanly possible in order that they may commence work at an early enough date to be in a favorable position to prevent the development of competing facilities at other air terminal areas such as Seattle, Chicago, Little Rock, Los Angeles, etc."

Nadey said the corporation's general settlement proposal was "basically a simple one of attempting to quiet the title to specific areas by fixing the boundaries at lines which might be agreeable to all parties."

The specific proposal, he continued, was "for an exchange whereby PACC would acquire the interest of all Ideal Cement Company baylands within San Mateo County (upwards of 10,000 acres) and then grant the area easterly from the main channel (a smaller chunk which Ideal claims in the middle of the bay straddling the Alameda-San Mateo County line) to the state by way of compromise in order to obtain confirmation of its title to all of the areas within the patents lying along the westerly shore of the bay. . . ."

PACC's settlement time-table at this time, according to commission records, was Sept. 1, 1964—about 10 months after the combine was forged to promote the project.

Neither Nadey nor Virgil J. Butler, associate commission counsel, then gave PACC spokesmen much encouragement. The spokesmen: M. Sherman Eubanks, a Crocker vice-president, and C. Coolidge Kreis and William R. Berkman of the law firm of Morrison, Foerster, Holloway, Clinton & Clark in the Crocker building in San Francisco.

Nadey said he doubted if "authority for such a 'compromise' exists." He also said he "did not encourage this proposal, but instead reiterated the historical viewpoint of this office that the lands lying bayward from the 'low water mark' could not be validly conveyed and that there is a question of the authority to attempt to 'cure' invalid conveyances by the so-called 'Curative' Act of 1872."

Butler, in a file memo dated July 30, 1964, said PACC spokesmen "were not given any encouragement" that the commission could meet PACC's Sept. 1 deadline.

NADEY noted that the Leslie Salt Co. and the commission were negotiating a similar title problem involving South Bay sloughs and offered the hope that, "if the machinery and the procedures . . . have been perfected . . ." PACC might be willing to undertake similar negotiations.

(The Guardian has editorial-

ly labeled the commission/Leslie settlement proposal as the coming "Teapot Dome of San Francisco Bay" and, by its coverage triggered pressure enough to stop the negotiations and force a public hearing by the commission. The Guardian showed that Leslie would get 458 acres of once navigable water (which were made non-navigable by Leslie or other parties by filling) and that the state, in return, got virtually nothing other than 1,551 acres of large sloughs it has always owned.)

The commission later rejected the PACC proposal, Nadey and Mrs. Lorraine Tooker, a commission counsel, told the Guardian. There "wasn't any reasonable basis" for granting it, Mrs. Tooker said in a telephone interview from Los Angeles, and PACC "pulled up its tents and stole away."

WAS THERE any way PACC could clear its titles without going through the commission? Nadey and Mrs. Tooker both said they knew of no way. How could PACC proceed with its development on the basis of clouded titles? Nadey said he suspected the corporation might have gotten a title company to take it "off the hook" and insure questionable titles.

But the questions remain in the face of mounting pressures from PACC, the San Mateo County Development Association, the San Mateo Times (whose publisher, J. Hart Clinton, promotes the project through his newspaper and through his law firm, which represents PACC), airport expansionists and a potent San Francisco-San Mateo County political coalition—to speed the project ahead, allegro furioso.

THIS reporter called Eubanks, an affable Crocker executive who likes to spar with reporters. He refused at first to discuss the question of title and contended he recalled no title clearance proposal put before the Lands Commission by PACC.

He remembered the proposal only after this reporter said he had the commission memoranda before him and reminded Eubanks that his name was listed as a principal in the negotiations. Eubanks then said this was a "preliminary" application, but declined to say anything more about it. He referred all questions to Warren Lindquist, Rockefeller's business associate in New York City.

What about PACC's clouded titles? "We feel very confident about our titles," Eubanks said.

What has happened between July, 1964, and January, 1967, to warrant such confidence? Again, Eubanks replied: "We feel very confident about our titles."

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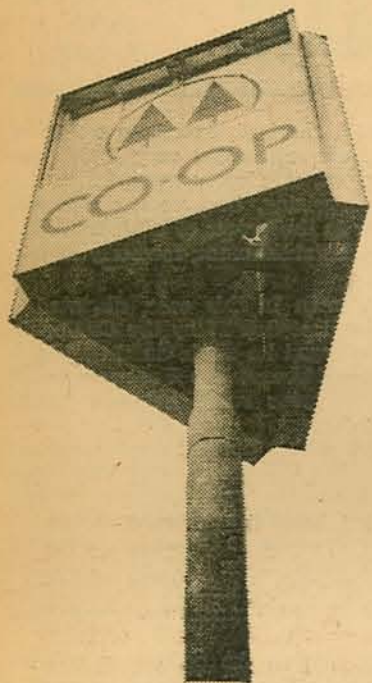
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Co-op Crisis

Obscured by the smoke of the Berkeley Co-op revolt, the infant Neighborhood Co-op in Hunters Point struggles to get

out of the red—as it awakens a sense of pride and achievement among Negroes.

The co-op movement in the the Bay area, it is becoming clear, is in deep trouble.

The problem: (1) economics and (2) social rebels who believe the movement should become more actively involved in controversial local and national issues, such as the war in Vietnam.

Involved are the prosperous Consumers Co-operative of Berkeley, with its 40,000 member-families who last year bought almost \$24 million worth of goods from its seven supermarkets, and, to a lesser extent, the Neighborhood Co-op in San Francisco, which was founded by Negroes a year and a half ago.

IN THE fierce conflict now raging between the rebels and the Berkeley board of directors, one vital thing is being overlooked—the need to attract shoppers to the co-op supermarkets and thus assure economic survival.

If the Berkeley co-op should ever begin to feel a financial chill, the Neighborhood Co-op would probably get frostbite—at least until it climbs out of the red.

Apart from this material link, the problems of the two co-op

movements are widely different. Ironically, the Berkeley rebels point to the infant Neighborhood Co-op as an object lesson in co-op philosophy and management.

THEIR argument can be summarized by one Berkeley candidate for the board of directors, writing in the Dec. 27 issue of the Co-op News:

"We are a co-operative movement, and it is about time we began acting like one. Our board should lead in representing its consumer-owner members on matters that affect us, and by



this I mean to include the whole gamut from our illegal action in Vietnam to public power in Berkeley.

"WE CANNOT, and should not, divorce ourselves from the world we live in."

And one young board member

of the San Francisco co-op said the co-op should become more directly involved in social action even "if this is somewhat violative of Rochdale principles."

The Rochdale pioneers in England, where the co-op movement was founded, laid down rules for consumer co-operatives which included "neutrality in politics and religion."

It was social pressure that awoke the spirit of involvement



and pride which Hunters Point Negroes feel in owning their own supermarket at Third St. and Paul Ave.

This failure to "involve" the poor in their own uplifting has been a basic flaw in the anti-poverty program. Sargent Shriver, program director, has called the Neighborhood Co-op "a shining example worthy of imitation."

MELVIN Crittenden, a packinghouse butcher and vice president of the co-op, says: "At the beginning we were all fired up but then, when the going got rough, a lot of us got discouraged and I guess sometimes we felt we'd never make it."

But somehow we got a second wind and now it looks like we're gonna make it."

However, the picture is not quite so rosy. Though membership has doubled to 3,000 since the 1965 opening, business has not kept pace.

For more than a year, it was far below the projected break-even point of \$23,000 a week gross and, although it has been creeping up slowly for the past two or three months and has crossed the \$19,000 mark, losses are still formidable.

Some 60 per cent of the store's personnel are now Negro, including the manager, but there has been some difficulty in finding qualified Negro meatcutters. Both the Meatcutters and Retail Clerks unions have posed some obstacles to co-op hiring programs.

THE Neighborhood Co-op story began six years ago when angry San Francisco Negroes be-



gan picketing a number of Hunters Point-Bayview supermarkets to protest the absence of black faces among market employees.

Taking the Berkeley Co-op as



HUNTERS POINT NEIGHBORHOOD CO-OP—A NEW DRIVE

an example, the word went round: Why not set up a store of our own. That way WE can determine employment policies.

Five years of alternating encouragement and despair passed before a state charter and permission to sell shares were finally obtained. And by June, 1965, some 1,500 persons had bought one or more shares at \$5 apiece and became members.

But problems were still immense. Without liberal material aid and guidance from its Berkeley "big brother," the Neighborhood Co-op might now be dead.

Now, however, Neighborhood leaders have just launched an intensive promotion campaign—again with Berkeley help—which they hope will carry them over the top.

THE TASK: to sell the unique services of the co-op supermarket.

Inside, shoppers find free consumer advice, paperback books on Negro problems and poverty, and good original art at low prices.

Shoppers are about 70 to 80 per cent Negro and at least half live outside the immediate neighborhood, even beyond San Francisco.

Many questioned recently by

this reporter were almost unanimous in insisting that quality on the whole was higher than comparable markets, prices tended to be lower and the service better.

LEONARD Batts, accountant, and current president of the Neighborhood Co-op, said the organization was created to:

1. Eliminate private profits and thus sell goods cheaper.
2. Instill in the poor a sense of their potential economic leverage.
3. Educate members and customers on the principles and practices of the co-operative movement, and,
4. Create more employment opportunities within the neighborhood.

Batts, a small, mild-mannered man, is a long-time NAACP member, but he says he was never active in the militant civil rights movement.

He believes that only by such self-help enterprises—which he calls "Operation Bootstrap"—can Negroes attain the genuine economic power that Black Power advocates preach.

But although the Neighborhood Co-op has had widening social and economic impact, only a dreamer would say it had it made.

Hyde, Cakebread Carry On in Adams' Tradition

By Phil Palmer

Anyone who has seen the splendid Sierra Club Exhibit Format Series of books is familiar with the photography of Philip Hyde. "The Last Redwoods," "The Wild Cascades," "Not Man Apart" and "Time and the River Flowing" all display his sensitive camera work.

Hyde's photography, though more gentle and less forceful, carries on in the tradition of Ansel Adams and other photographers who have found their most meaningful subjects in the mountains, rivers, forests and coastal areas of the West.

The Canessa Gallery, 708 Montgomery St., is now showing a generous selection of Hyde's work.

Photographic reproductions, no matter how excellent in quality, never equal the charm and authority of original prints. Hyde's black and white prints are mostly large, his color prints modest in size. Excepting a few Hasselblad pictures, this is all big camera work, a requisite if one wants to catch subtle values and intimate details of vast western landscape.

THE FOCUS Gallery, 2146 Un-

ion St., opened last November with the worthy and somewhat courageous policy of exhibiting photography exclusively. It is now showing about 40 prints by Jack Cakebread.

Cakebread's influences, we are told, include Ansel Adams, M. Helberstadt and Gerry Sharpe. Adams' influence is embarrassingly evident.

There is an Adams' view of sunlight on the sea, an Adams' waterfall and an Adams' forest scene. One suspects that Cakebread approaches many subjects with an Ansel Adams print in mind.

Missing in Cakebread's work, however, is Adams' personal conviction and extraordinary technique.

CAKEBREAD is most successful when he leaves Adams at home on the bookshelf and explores his own private world.

There is a rich print of lichen-covered boulders in the forest that resembles a colony of primeval creatures. There is poetry in his photography of a spray of leaves and a pool of water catching sunlight.

One large print, effective though by no means original, shows the desert with a figure tiny in the immensity of space. It is in this area of personal expression that Cakebread shows promise.



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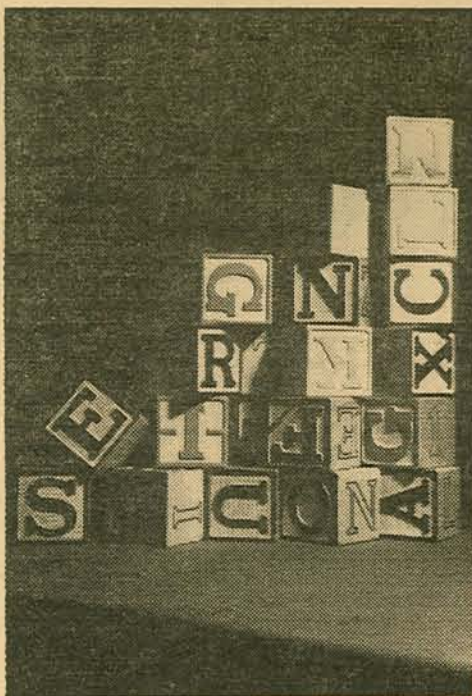
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Behind the Berkeley school book furor

---BY SUPERINTENDENT NEIL SULLIVAN

Max Rafferty, state superintendent of public instruction, recently charged Dr. Neil Sullivan, Berkeley superintendent of schools, with illegally copyrighting a "home-made" children's book, "On the Go," which was financed partially by federal elementary and secondary act-Title I funds. Sullivan retorted that the district proceeded according to the district attorney's advice. The book, produced by Berkeley teachers, was aimed at teaching minority children to read. The background of the experimental program, and the use of the controversial book, is explained by Sullivan in a special article for *The Guardian*.



In areas of the world where linguistic ability is a factor in success, citizens learn from childhood two, three, even four languages. These are not perfunctorily established in the growing mind, then put away for use occasionally or never. They are true "second languages," spoken almost as often and as readily as the tongue of one's parents.

TO THE DISADVANTAGED child in Berkeley, standard English is a second language. In the home, he may have learned a dialect which fulfills the functions of speech: it communicates all he wants of emotions and ideas. Yet, in order to venture forth successfully, to study, get a job, enjoy most pleasures of civilization, the child-growing-up must use a language not his own, or, more accurately, a "second dialect."

Dr. H. J. Maves, Berkeley's assistant superintendent in charge of instruction, calls this ability to switch speech patterns for the occasion, "bidialectism." Of this approach, previously tried in the South, Dr. Maves says, "To a certain extent, we are teaching children standard English by foreign-language methods, adapting them to a second dialect. We do little or no correcting of the child's home or neighborhood speech, but teach him to shift to standard English in school. We must realize that a person's dialect is one of his most intimate possessions."

Dr. Maves emphasizes the last sentence, and gives an example: A first-grader says "I is goin'." Instead of insisting, "No, Johnny, that's wrong," the teacher writes on the board, without comment, what Johnny said. Then she asks the class, "Is there another way of saying this?" A child may answer, or the teacher may suggest, "I am going," which the teacher writes down, also. She points out simply that, "That is one way—this is another."

"WE MUST NOT JUDGE or humiliate the child," adds Dr. Jerome J. Gilbert, principal of Columbus school, where the population is mostly Negro. "We must let him speak spontaneously. After a few years, he will know several 'dialects,' one for home, one for school and the 'outside' working world. He will

have learned to slip from one to another as the situation demands."

Teaching English as a second language to American children is part of the "Berkeley Easy Reading Program," designed by Dr. Gilbert and eight of his teachers. Although usable elsewhere, it is especially helpful for the child previously burdened by "negative reinforcement"—the imputation that he does everything wrong, that he must be changed, remolded, repaired to fit suddenly into middle-class English and culture patterns and that, if he can't manage it, he is less bright, less capable, has less potential. This is "negative reinforcement."

"REINFORCEMENT" gives the child a reason for his next action. "If 'negatively reinforced,' i.e., punished physically or psychologically, he may reason not to repeat an action (of course, this may work in reverse when he is away from supervision). When 'positively reinforced,' i.e., rewarded by approval, he is likely to repeat the action."

"Reinforcement" is the key word. It is present in our Berkeley Easy Reading Program begun this year. Intending to add reinforcement exercises and activities to the best standard commercial reading program adapted to the nongraded concept—instruction paced to the reader—Dr. Gilbert and associates encountered an obstacle. They couldn't find any one commercial reading curriculum that filled the needs of Berkeley's disadvantaged children.

They decided to develop their own curriculum, using what they found good in the commercial systems for reinforcement of their reinforcement procedure. They added home-made books, Bank Street books (pioneering texts having meaning for children of different races and ethnic backgrounds) and 150 paperbacks that Dr. Gilbert lumps under anthropology."

EACH COMMERCIAL system analyzed assumed that one unit of effort applied to one unit of materials produces a given amount of achievement. Dr. Gilbert's concept, however, is that children vary in ability to decode and comprehend and that many materials must be available to provide for this. Too, no one commercial program adequately teaches children to comprehend the larger society, to think complexly and abstractly, to listen, to achieve motor perceptual skills

relating to reading, writing and thinking.

Starting from this, Dr. Gilbert's group built a vocabulary real to the child, supplemented with an extensive vocabulary from books listed above, prepared in advance for the child's use. One lesson of "Initial Teaching Procedures and Materials," with accompanying "Reinforcement Procedures and Materials," deals with "Texture and Taste." Children bring to a "surprise box" familiar objects, which are related to sounds and words. The child reaches in and says, "I have a doll's dress—it feels soft," or "I have a rock," and describes it. Second division of Berkeley's Easy Reading concerns "Comprehension—Main Idea, Facts and Relationships; Interpreting Characters, Events, Settings; Making Inferences; Vocabulary," and here reinforcement materials are not toys or simple objects but dictionary, encyclopedia, maps and charts and skillful use of questioning and discussion.

Dr. Gilbert introduces the new reading curriculum: "It is hoped that the teaching of reading will offer joy to the teacher, and that the learning of reading will be happy and satisfying to our children."

THESE ARE GOALS for learning reading: "happiness," satisfaction," and a skill for successful work and lifetime pleasure. We also pursue these goals in other ways.

One of our ghetto schools is making a strong attack on reading problems by its Team Diagnostic Program. The principal divided the six grades into three "circuits," supported by three "resource teams," headed by himself, the vice principal and the program coordinator. Each teaches with the teacher, fills needs from his resource team, and, as part of a team, brings them to bear on problems. In the grade 5 and 6 circuit, eight reading groups—ranging from the "groping group" to the group being primed for college—have been developed. Eight teachers are taking reading courses at night at a nearby college.

AN EXCITING EVENT in another ghetto school is the publication of a "home-made" book—not a mimeographed production such as many of our schools make, but a beautiful hard-cover book, "ON THE GO, Boys and Girls Exploring the Bay Area"—made with the help of Elementary and Secondary Education act—Title I funds) by second-graders after field trips with teachers and a professional photographer. Next day, the children looked at the pictures and talked about what they had seen and felt, while the teachers took down their words. "On the Go" is now in all our Berkeley schools and libraries, available to other schools and the public.

Last summer we experimented with teaching methods and materials in a Language Arts and Mathematics workshop with 200 first-, second- and third-graders, mainly Negro, selected as intelligent but nonachieving. Each classroom had three teachers. There were no bells. Snacks could be enjoyed during study time. There were rugs on the floor to sit on, big movable tables. After each session with the children, teachers compared notes on experiences and observations, sorting out effective techniques. Most important finding was how the children blossomed and learned in an atmosphere of informality, warmth and happiness.

INSIDE

BRIEFS
FROM HERE
AND
THERE

The traffic trial of Scott Newhall, executive editor of the San Francisco Chronicle, consumed very little time and, until this very moment, absolutely no space in the news media. Which is surprising, because the outcome was the sort of thing dear to the hearts of all journalists: the little man beating the Establishment, formerly known as City Hall.

Mr. Newhall, the little man in this case, disputed a traffic ticket issued to him last Oct. 27 by the California Highway Patrol. It was charged he made an illegal lane change that night on the Embarcadero Freeway in an effort to negotiate the tortuous route between North Beach and the Bay Bridge.

He denied the allegation with a defense based, in part, on the presence of a new hot Chrysler engine under the hood of his many-year-old station wagon, which allowed him to make lane changes quickly and safely.

While disagreeing over the offense itself, Mr. Newhall and the CHP agreed on other facts: that Mr. Newhall was then handcuffed as all CHP prisoners are, and that Mr. Newhall was booked at San Francisco jail and kept there briefly.

Finally, all parties agreed that the patrolman offered Mr. Newhall a final chance in the jail parking lot to sign the ticket and avoid a visit to the lock-up. He agreed to sign, but only if the patrolman would read to him the exact wording of the offense charged and only if the patrolman would give him a written apology for the handcuffs.

At the subsequent trial in November, Municipal Judge Lenore Underwood (now retired) heard the testimony of the CHP-man and Mr. Newhall, then dismissed the charges. But not before exacting a promise from the editor that he would sign traffic tickets in the future, an act which doesn't admit guilt but only acknowledges receipt of the paper and promise to appear.

How long is the long arm of a politically puissant bayfill project?

KQED, the Bay area's educational television station on channel 9, tried to put together a program on Redwood Shores, Leslie Salt's controversial tideflats project off Redwood City, for its fortnightly Thursday night show, "The Bay Today and Tomorrow."

Redwood City officials (City Manager Howard Ullrich and Mayor Sidney Herkner) and a Leslie spokesman (Coleman Johnson) were invited to speak on behalf of the project. Mrs. Mary Henderson (a Redwood City councilwoman and longtime critic of the project) and Bruce B. Bruggmann, former Redwood City Tribune reporter and now editor of *The Guardian*, were invited to offer criticism.

There was trouble from the beginning: the Leslie/Redwood City contingent wouldn't appear with the two critics, it wanted to hear their taped interviews before appearing, it wanted Ullrich to speak last. Finally, the other six council members cornered Mrs. Henderson and demanded that she forego her appearance in the interests of council accord on the project. The problem: her interview had been taped the day before.

Redwood City officials demanded to hear the tapes, which were taken to city hall in Redwood City for a special hearing.

They heard Mrs. Henderson say nothing she hadn't said before at Redwood City council meetings and Bruggmann say nothing he hadn't written before. But, angered by Mrs. Henderson's solo appearance and fretting about public relations, the Leslie/Redwood group pulled out the stops in trying to cancel the show.

When KQED stood firm, the contingent refused to send anybody to appear for scheduled interviews, thereby hoping to see the show canceled by default.

KQED, a veteran of similar battles over shows on Marinello, solved the crisis neatly: it canceled last Tuesday night's show because it would present only one side) and rescheduled the show for Jan. 26.

Mrs. Henderson and Bruggmann are again at the ready, but who will be there from the Leslie/Redwood City platoons? Tune in at 7:30 p.m. next Thursday and read the INSIDE column to follow this exciting meller-drammer at bayside.



Municipal Judge Joseph G. Kennedy, who reluctantly accepted the chairmanship of San Francisco's controversial War on Poverty program over the weekend, took the job in full awareness of what he is getting into.

Insiders say Judge Kennedy, a popular and highly respected Negro leader, took on the chairmanship at the urging of Negro friends who persuaded him that, unless Negroes themselves proved they could run the poverty war successfully, control of it would inevitably pass into the hands of Mexican or Chinese minority groups who detest the obvious Negro dominance of the current \$4.1 million spending plan.

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Jan. 20, 1967

page 3

Citizens, businessmen—anybody but politicians

By our political correspondent

"Well, there ye ar-re," said Mr. Dooley. "It seems to me that th' only thing to do is to keep politicians an' businessmen apart. They seem to have a bad influence on each other. Whiniver I see an alderman an' a banker walkin' down th' street together I know th' Recorder's Angel will have to order another bottle iv ink."—*The World of Mr. Dooley.*

It may make his actor friends chuckle, but Gov. Ronald Reagan is being billed these days as a businessman.

And, as part of the image-building process, Reagan seems to be rewriting the political dictionary.

By Reagan's definition, an economist or labor expert who directs a state department of 20,000 workers is a bureaucrat. But a corporate vice president who supervises many thousands more employees with a deluge of memos is a citizen-administrator.

THUS, the "businessman" is now a magic word in Sacramento, although state civil service workers can still raise a laugh by calling the Capitol the "Hollywood Palace."

But the old joke about John Wayne's appointment as, say director of veterans affairs, is running a bit thin as Reagan's cast emerges.

For the first cluster of appointees doesn't look like any party's idea of a Creative Society.

Competence, political independence and professional background, as Reagan's staff put it to reporters, would be the chief considerations in state appointments.

HOWEVER, under Reagan's blueprint, "citizen-committees" in Northern and Southern California drew up lists of potential appointees. Committees, not unexpectedly, consisted of little more than campaign workers and party contributors.

With some exceptions, there is little evidence that their recommendations and Reagan's appointments involve anything

more than the traditional ward-heeling system of picking political appointees.

The only refinement is that big names aren't getting the jobs.

Gordon Paul Smith, the new state finance director, and William Gianelli, the new water resources director, are two exceptions. Smith, as a private management consultant, helped organize Hawaii's government after Statehood and is regarded as bringing solid experience to the state's highest paying appointive post.

His conflicting and confusing reports on budget deficits, however, have given him an inauspicious start.

WILLIAM Gianelli, the new water resources director, is an engineer highly regarded by men who have been building the California Water Project. A registered Democrat, Gianelli helped plan the project during Gov. Brown's administration.

A question remains among many here, however, whether

DATELINE SACRAMENTO

Gianelli can provide the force, imagination and administrative leadership of his predecessor, William Warner.

Other appointments are disappointing. Reagan appointed Spencer Williams, the lone top Republican loser in November's election, to head the state health and welfare agency. Williams, who ran for state attorney general against Thomas Lynch, talked about police control, law enforcement and crime in the streets in the Republicans' most unappealing and primitive campaign.

Few here believe he has much knowledge or sympathy about welfare programs.

EARL Coke, former assistant secretary of agriculture under President Eisenhower, is the new California agriculture director. Coke, a conservative, will also

serve as an ex-officio member of the University of California Board of Regents. His abilities are proven as an aging veteran of agricultural affairs, but he isn't a man who ploughs his own soil, the kind of a man Reagan once promised farmers he'd appoint. Coke is a director of an agricultural marketing association in San Francisco.

It's too early to tell whether a San Diego banker, Gordon Luce, can untangle controversies over freeways as head of the state transportation agency. Luce is an erudite gentleman, but seems inexperienced in transportation matters.

The man who swings a broad axe, Norman Livermore, Jr., of Pacific Lumber Co. of San Francisco, was appointed to the key post of state resources administrator. The Sierra back-packing veteran and member of an old Marin County conservation family has strong conservation support, but he has already rejected the two major conservationist-backed proposals for a Redwood National Park. Instead, he endorsed the plan, backed by lumber interests, that was espoused by Reagan earlier the day of Livermore's appointment.

HE SAID, upon appointment, that "I can give them (his old company) a kick in the pants," but his attacks on the Sierra club and its executive director, David Brower, left little doubt which way the redwoods were falling.

In short, Reagan is putting together the same cadre of field officers in California that Eisenhower did before him in Washington. The thesis is that, if a man can operate an investment firm or an auto agency and show a profit at year's end, he ought to be able to make a government department break even.

But Eisenhower's cabinet didn't stem the mounting national budget and Reagan's administration won't be able to do much to keep the state budget below \$5 billion for 1967-68. What this counting house mentality may do, however, is imperil the state's great achievements such as the master plan for education, the water project and the state universities and state colleges.

The San Francisco I Remember...

By Margo Skinner
First of a Series

A haunted house stood on Stanyan St. one block up the hill from my home at 512 Frederick St. It was a great brown-shingled structure, with turrets like a castle and large windows boarded up. Wrought-iron gates, all curlicues, shut in a garden gone wild, thickets of roses and weeds whose branches poked through the rusting, black, metal fence that confined them. Blackberry bushes thrust out thorns, dull velvety leaves and sweet-sour fruit the color of dark garnets.

Having stripped these, and egged on by cries of "scaredy cat", some of us would pit our nine-year-old strength against the groaning gate and scurry in for more berries. On occasions of special daring in the early 1930's we ran up the stone steps and banged on the door, then fled to the safety of the street twice as fast. For who knows what would have come to answer such a knock?

Asphalt covers the wild garden now, and cars are parked upon it. The ghost of the Lost Heir in the turret is entombed in acres of soup, dog food, frozen pizza and other gourmet joys in a big, white, bright supermarket.

Yet some of our past remains: the Kezar parking lot, a square block bounded by the stadium on the west, backs of Frederick St. houses on the south, Kezar Pavilion on the north and beyond it, the eucalypti of Golden Gate Park (and the nearby emergency hospital).

This was our baseball diamond, our tennis court, our range where cowboys bit the dust.

Here I, a hitter with a terrific wallop, once caught Buddy Filitberti squarely across the temples with a baseball bat. While my balls always went far into the outfield, my bat went almost as far in the opposite direction. It got so the catcher was 40 ft. behind me.

ON THE back wall of the emergency hospital we would practice hitting a tennis ball, taking turns, hour after hour, with the witless patience of children.

We scrawled hop scotches on the asphalt, played Kick the Kan, Living Statues and a racing game in which a leader called the turn: "You ..." to a favorite "may take three giant steps" and to a pariah, "You may take two baby

steps." Sneaking was not only permitted, but encouraged.

Our most remarkable endeavor, however, involved a six-foot strip of earth that separates the parking lot on the north from the houses along Frederick St. between Stanyan and Willard. It used to be green with scrubby grass and weeds, pitted by rocks and varicolored broken glass. Today the earth is bare and brown. We did that. It is our city memorial.

THE PEE-WEE golf craze was then at its height. Recruits were talked or shanghaied into participating. For one week steady, 10-15 kids defoliated that ground with shovels, rakes and brooms "borrowed" from parents. The little ones dug up small rocks with spoons. Eventually there was nothing but bare ground.

Solemnly we put in the golf holes. LaVerne Kellinof, a chubby, red-cheeked girl whose father owned the nearest school store (double-deck cones dipped in hot chocolate, which froze to glorious hardness over strawberry or maple nut ice, or juicy hot dogs on heat-soft buns, accompanied by Dr. Pepper or poison-colored Green River) volunteered to furnish her father's clubs. Puffing slightly, she arrived dragging a red and green plaid golf bag. We stood quiet at our moment of achievement.

FOR THREE days we played "golf" frantically. Neighborhood kids who had made no contribution were not allowed. It was our course.

Then we got bored and forgot about it.

The grass never grew back.

Down Stanyan St. to the entrance of the park at Haight was a crammed, musty little shop owned by a thin wren of a lady I always secretly believed a good witch. She supplied licorice whips; tiny wax bottles with colored sweet stuff; silver-papered chocolate kisses, two for a penny; Cracker Jack; peanuts in shells for feeding park squirrels; buttons with flags of all nations, to be collected and traded; square fat comic books with hard covers—Little Orphan Annie and Tarzan; postcard pictures of Tom Mix, Ken Maynard and Jack Hoxie.

The livery stable, where park riders rented mounts, smelled of hay, leather and horse dung. The

—Continued on Page 7

An ABAG problem—how to put Minitown in its place

By Our Regional Affairs Correspondent

City councilmen and county supervisors who whoop it up for the "regional home rule" proposal of the Association of Bay Area Governments (ABAG) stumble over a major hurdle:

On one hand, they argue that their governmental proposal is strong enough to begin to cope with four regional problems—regional planning, parks and recreation, airports, and waste disposal.

But on the other, they assure smaller cities and counties that the plan really isn't so strong and that there is little for them to worry about.

SINCE THE ABAG plan has never been put to a single public hearing—rather, it was drawn up by a few councilmen and supervisors during a secret weekend "retreat" in San Jose—the public has never had an op-

portunity to present its views on whether the ABAG proposal would work, or how it should work.

Discussion at ABAG meetings has generally avoided any examples of how the proposed government would work in practice. An example or two leads to the conclusion that it wouldn't work very well at all.

Suppose the Legislature were to do what the plan asks—declare ABAG a limited regional government for the Bay area, a government consisting entirely of city councilmen and supervisors, with no opportunity whatever for the public to vote on its representatives to the new ABAG.

AND SUPPOSE further that the new ABAG were to attempt to solve a problem in any of three areas—to build a new airport, to acquire sites for refuse disposal or to buy land for regional parks and open space.

Suppose, however, that the new airport, or refuse dump, or park were to be in the City of Minitown, and suppose the coun-

cilmen of Minitown (area, large; population, small) were to object. What then?

ABAG hasn't decided what would happen, but the recommendation of the "regional home rule" proponents appears to be this: the mayor of Minitown could block ABAG action with a petition signed by 15 official representatives to the ABAG general assembly. (Each city and county in the Bay area is entitled to one representative to the general assembly; the present membership is 85 cities and eight counties—Solano is the lone county absentee.)

Representatives of 15 small cities thus could appeal the ABAG action and suspend it. In that case, a vote of the general assembly would be necessary for ABAG to proceed with the acquisition of land for the airport, refuse dump, or open space. And the general assembly vote would have to be two-thirds of those present, or one more than 50 per cent of the member cities and counties, whichever is greater.

Since the general assembly can

approve proposals only if the cities and counties both vote favorably, the proposed system offers a means by which smaller cities and counties can band together and prevent ABAG from acting at all.

IN THIS WAY, officials representing a tiny portion of the Bay area population could stifle plans for airports, refuse disposal, or open space. This veto power—little understood by the public because it has not been discussed at public ABAG meetings—was apparently thought necessary to win support of smaller cities and counties.

Thus, in the crucial vote, the few hundred residents of Minitown would have the same voting power as the 750,000 residents of San Francisco. This may console officials of smaller communities, but it scarcely seems a way to solve effectively regional problems.

Rather, it provides the machinery whereby—while playing at the game of regional government—smaller communities can throt-

tle larger communities. One may sympathize with Minitown's loss of undeveloped land for an airport, refuse dump or regional park—but where else are these facilities, badly needed by the region, to be built? And don't the residents of Minitown thrive—in part, at least—because of job and cultural opportunities big cities provide?

FURTHERMORE, if Bay area Minitowns are unwilling to help solve the relatively easy regional problems ABAG has thus far suggested, how is the region going to solve far more difficult problems—for example, those dealing with racial segregation in housing and education or stringent land use controls.

Certainly, nobody suggests that the majority should be empowered to run roughshod over the rights of the minority. But conversely, as long as the ABAG plan allows the minority to render impotent the majority, "regional home rule" will not be an effective regional government, but simply a regional eunuch.

Burton vs. McAteer battle

Continued from Page 1 —

into any single minority community, he could weld an amorphous body of people into a splendid political fighting machine.

Both McAteer and Burton are tireless campaigners, but both are fed up with running so often for re-election. McAteer goes every four years, which is often enough, but Burton must campaign constantly because he faces election every two years.

THEY LOOK, with a lick of the lips, at the nice secure job of U.S. senator, with election only every six years, with a \$30,000-a-year salary, with a national theater of importance and with an enticing pinnacle of power and prestige.

There are two U.S. senators from California, the liberal Republican Thomas Kuchel and George Murphy, perhaps best identified as a tap-dancing conservative.

Kuchel's term expires next year, and the line of Democrats anxious to test his strength is headed by the Los Angeles

Mayor Samuel W. Yorty, of whom Comptroller-philosopher Alan Cranston once said, "Sam Yorty is no paranoid who falsely believes everyone is against him—everyone IS against him." Burton and McAteer are likely candidates in the 1968 Democratic senatorial primary, perhaps to offer voters a choice other than Yorty and perhaps on the chance that Yorty will choose to run as a Republican, or maybe even a Prohibitionist.

THERE ALSO is the chance that a Democrat who loses honorably to Kuchel in 1968 will, unlike the unlamented Richard Richards, return in 1970 to oppose Murphy. Burton and McAteer both need some test of their state-wide popularity, and a good race, even though losing, would give either man new stature.

With all this as background, then, it is no wonder that the fast-thinking Burton threw his weight behind Jack Shelley's bid for re-election, rather than McAteer's long unannounced campaign, for mayor of San Francisco. Burton recognizes

that McAteer would probably beat Shelley in a head-to-head contest with no outside interference and that it would be easy for a freshly-elected Mayor McAteer to establish his ability to get things done, a quality not attributable to Shelley.

THE MAYORALTY of a relatively problem-free city like San Francisco (compare, for one horrifying moment, the problems of Milwaukee, New York, Chicago, Los Angeles or even Oakland) would give McAteer a safe political base from which to threaten seriously Burton's similar political ambitions.

A few days after Burton came out four-square for Shelley, McAteer insisted that he had not decided whether to oppose Shelley in November. That position is a far cry from what his friends were saying with confidence last year: "Gene will announce his candidacy just after the New Year."

McAteer's new position is wise politically. His response to Burton's maneuver keeps his name in the papers, stimulates voter curiosity and gives him time to sound out sources of campaign funds and time, if he chooses, to run a quick poll testing his strength against Shelley's Burton-reinforced position.

WHERE ALL this will lead is anyone's guess. What with the political climate of November's election, a nomination for statewide office may be the last thing to give a Democrat for Christmas.

Still, fool's gold though it may contain, Gene McAteer and Phil Burton are still jockeying to be in striking distance for that pot at the end of the rainbow.

The San Francisco I Remember

Continued from Page 6—

horses towered over us, silky black and brown and chestnut with eyes as jewel-like as those of our steeds, the carved ones on the park merry-go-round. We feared them, loved them, patted them and gave them sugar from grubby hands or junk-filled pockets. Then the men would throw us out of the stable. It has since burned.

AROUND the corner on Haight was the old car barn: vast, with

smells of oil and electricity and big men in dark uniforms smoking cigarettes and a bulletin board with pinups like Clara Bow and Bessie Love.

These things are gone and supermarkets, gas stations and motels do not really replace them.

The stadium and hospital remain. And the park. Someone has written that the park is the city child's only country in which he has first-class citizenship.

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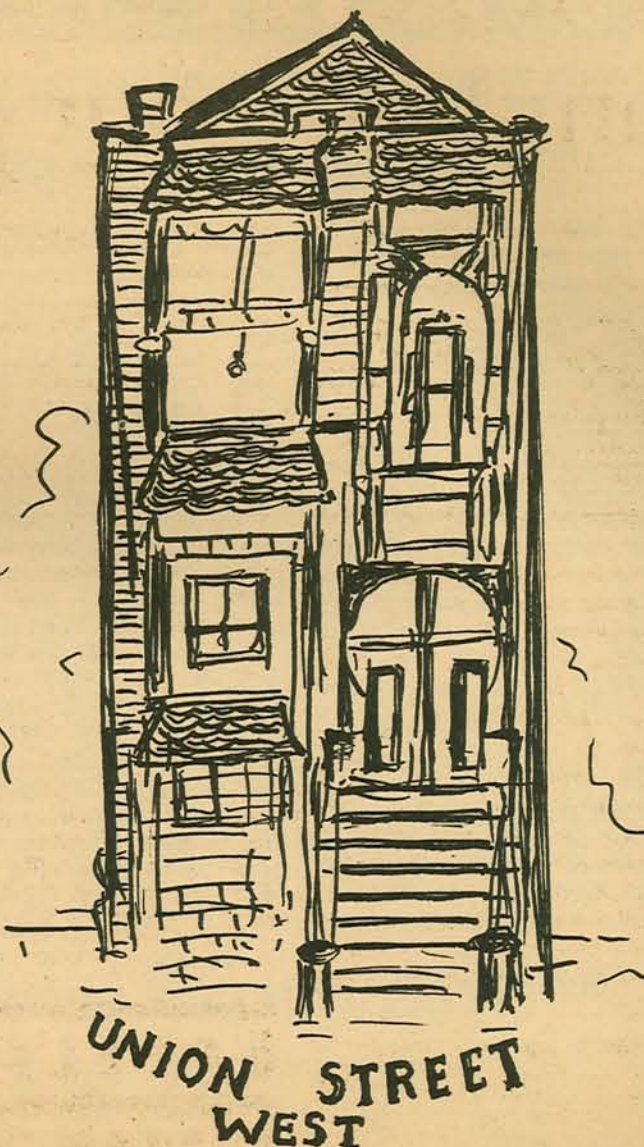
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SAN FRANCISCO

The Bay Guardian
Jan. 20, 1967 page 7

"When the barons spit . . ."

"It was a rare example of public servants and elected officials refusing to talk about public policy on educational television."

This was the curt assessment, from KQED to The Guardian, of the nonsense of the Bay Area's most effective two platoon system—Redwood City and the Leslie Salt Co.—trying to put the blackjack (as reported in INSIDE) to a mild-mannered KQED television program on Redwood Shores.

In Redwood City, it's difficult to tell where Leslie begins and the city ends since the two are teamed together, for better or for worse, in Shores as a unique public/private approach to developing marginal land. Council members, for example, sit as directors of the special Shores district that makes the project viable through the extension of public credit and the jockeying of assessment practices.

The city's refusal to discuss the project on an educational television program, after being extended every courtesy and advantage in debate, is but another

example of the dangerous drift the relationship and the project are taking.

Unlike a conventional developer with private capital, the Leslie/Redwood coalition means that the project must be subject to great public control, scrutiny and debate.

The point is that things oughtn't to be so cozy between Redwood City and Leslie as a private developer, just as things oughtn't to be so cozy between Utah Construction and the City of Alameda and the Rockefeller/Crocker/Ideal Cement interests and San Francisco and San Mateo County officialdom. Things soon shake down to the Guardian axiom: "When the Filler Barons spit, councilmen swim."

For example: who in public office is checking the titles of the baylands the Filler Barons are obliterating? This ought to be the first order of public business now that the Guardian has exposed the deficiencies of many privately held bayland titles.

Bombing and cost accounting

Nobody, obviously, can believe all that the Johnson administration says about the war in Viet Nam. Nevertheless, the language the administration uses—and the reasons it cites for its actions—often provide a clue to policy changes and to future escalation of the war. For instance, a recent television interview with the U.S. commander in Viet Nam, Gen. William C. Westmoreland, revealed a significant change in the official U.S. attitude toward bombing of North Viet Nam.

When plans were first announced to bomb "strategic" targets in North Viet Nam, we were told this "limited escalation" was necessary to interdict troop and supply movements into the South. Later decisions to bomb targets near Hanoi were, again, explicitly linked to infiltration; it was our intent only to destroy fuel supplies for men and arms flowing into Viet Nam. This further

risk of large war, we then were assured, would be justified by a significant reduction in North Vietnamese support for the Viet Cong.

Westmoreland — and others — now admit freely that the bombing has not appreciably reduced infiltration from the North. Indeed, Westmoreland acknowledged that identifiable North Vietnamese regiments now operate as far south as Saigon.

When asked, then, how the U.S. justifies continuing bombing near Hanoi, Westmoreland replied that the primary purpose was not to halt infiltration, but to make the war "more costly" to North Viet Nam.

Whether this is interpreted as a change in position, or a change in language, the ramifications are far-reaching. If bombing is posited simply on the "cost" to North Viet Nam, al-

most any target, civilian or military, can be justified. Destruction of electric plants, government buildings, dikes, farms, even villages and their inhabitants—all raises the cost of war to the North.

Harrison Salisbury's dispatches from Hanoi show that either by inadvertance or by intent the U.S., for several months, has been destroying areas which appear to have little relation to the war in the South.

In response to the Salisbury articles, Johnson has in the past few days forbidden attacks on a few targets of dubious

military importance, but we can perceive no change in the position of cost-account bombing.

Since the method of the Johnson administration has been to suggest the need for further moves before they are taken, the "cost" justification of bombing has a frightening edge.

For the ultimate cost will be borne by us all in a senselessly expanded and prolonged war. We urge the President to halt bombing, not just shift targets, and get on with the business of creating the climate to negotiate a settlement to end the war.



From: The State of California

GUARDIAN PHOTO BY JUDY WONG

Dear Sirs . . . To the Editor . . . Dear Sirs . . . To the Editor . . . Dear Sirs . . . To the Editor . . . Dear Sirs . . . To the Editor . . .

To the editor:

Kindly let me amplify briefly my views on the current unrest at the University of California reported in your Dec. 20 issue. For a century the university has used the professional distinctions between "students," "faculty" and "administration," not only for regulation of professional matters but also for regulation of essentially non-professional, communal matters.

This worked well for a long time because "faculty" and "administration" happened to coincide well with the older and more mature part of the university community and "students" with the younger and immature part. Today, with a large graduate population, with thousands of highly mature and sophisticated undergraduates, with many faculty members no older than many students, it is no longer realistic to assume that one professional group can successfully govern another in such matters as political and personal conduct.

In such matters the professional categories do not apply — an undergraduate has just as much responsibility for political and

social behavior, and should have just as much say in the matter, at a professor.

What the University needs is some means whereby the academic community as a whole can express its collective standards in this area. The proposed joint faculty-student commission might work if the campus could find commissioners who were representative and at the same time open-minded.

They would have to attempt

what now seems almost impossible: an abandonment of the adversary stance in favor of community interests. If by some such agency the "rules" could be given the massive sanction they now lack, campus community self-government might well find favor with the administration and the regents.

This is not to suggest that the administration or the faculty should give up any of their proper professional responsibilities,

nor that students should become the sole arbiters of political or personal behavior.

Charles Muscatine
Professor of English
University of California

Leslie precedent?

To the editor:

The proposed "swap" of lands between Leslie Salt Company and the State Lands Commission

has been well covered in all issues of the Bay Guardian, a great public service. Publicity is seemingly never sought in such matters of dubious public benefit and the light of publicity has not only postponed the exchange but has forced Leslie into court to settle its title dispute with the state.

THE QUESTION of great concern to those of us interested in conservation of the entire bay is: What precedent is being set by the Leslie exchange and what other "title clarifications" (the State's terminology) will this exchange facilitate? At a Dec. 8 meeting in San Mateo, the State Lands Commission staff was asked that the exchange not be accomplished until a map had been prepared showing all other areas of clouded title in the bay.

As those of us know who deal regularly with government in action, precedent is a remarkable and useful tool. First Leslie gets its title cleared, then the cry goes up "How can you ask the State to deny me the rights to clear title given to Leslie" . . . and there goes the bay.

Pat Barrentine
Secretary,
Redwood City
Civic Association

The Bay Guardian

"It is a newspaper's duty to print the news, and raise hell."
(Wilbur F. Storey: Statement of the aims of the Chicago Times, 1861.)

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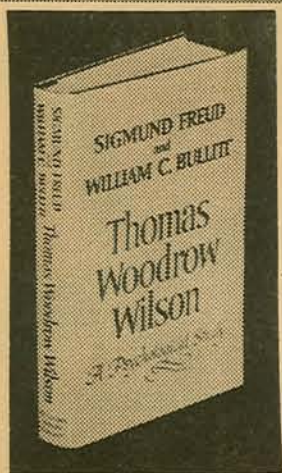
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Freud: Wilson's neuroses swayed the world

'SAD INDEED THAT SUCH DISTINGUISHED THINKERS HAVE PRODUCED SUCH A BOOK'

John Shover is a professor of history at San Francisco State College and author of "Cornbelt Rebellion," a study of the famous Midwest farmers' revolt in the early 1930s.

William C. Bullitt and Sigmund Freud, "Thomas Woodrow Wilson," Houghton Mifflin (forthcoming).

By John L. Shover

When a book is withheld from publication for 27 years, when page proofs are distributed to newspapers, when Look Magazine (rapidly acquiring a reputation for daring literary previews) excerpts substantial portions before publication, one might infer that the purpose of the book is more to incite controversy than to present a reasoned and dispassionate treatment of its subject. If that is this book's purpose, it has succeeded admirably.

The more renowned partner in this unusual collaboration, Sigmund Freud, in attempting to disavow prejudice, nonetheless confesses "an aversion" to Wilson that "increased in the course of years the more I learned about him and the more severely we

[Europeans] suffered the consequences of his intrusion into our destiny." Bullitt, distinguished U. S. ambassador to France in the 1930s, had resigned in disillusionment from the American delegation to the Versailles peace conference. He collected the book's factual material.

THE RESULT of their literary partnership is a portrait of Woodrow Wilson as a lifelong neurotic who never escaped the psychological problems arising from paranoid dependence upon his father, Rev. Joseph Ruggles Wilson. Sublimating the hostility toward the father latent in all men, Wilson found outlet in furious destructive attacks upon father-surrogate figures such as Dean Andrew West, his opponent in the graduate school controversy at Princeton, and Sen. Henry Cabot Lodge. Playing the role of his beloved father, he cultivated affectionate relationships with "younger and physically smaller men, preferably blond," whom he identified with his younger brother, born when he was 10. Three of these—John Grier Hibben (his successor as president of Princeton), Joe Tumulty (his



SKETCH BY GEORGE GARDINER

Although history is studded with the names of neurotics, monomaniacs and psychotics who have risen suddenly to power, they have usually dropped as suddenly to disgrace. Wilson was no exception to this rule. The qualities of his defects raised him to power, but the defects of his qualities made him, in the end, not one of the world's greatest men but a great fiasco.

private secretary) and Col. Edward H. House—he accused of betraying him.

Emulating his father, a Presbyterian minister and once a professor of rhetoric, he developed

a passion for speech and so emphasized felicity of phrasing that he became oblivious of fact. In the same fashion, he was obsessed with procedure at the expense of content. As a teen-ager, he drew up a constitution for the "Lightfoots" baseball club at Derry School, Augusta, Ga.

"To draw up a constitution for a debating club gave him immense satisfaction throughout his life . . . from the 'Lightfoots' to the League of Nations is a clear line." Finally, nervous, sickly Tommy Wilson, seated erect in the fourth row pew each Sunday as his "incomparable father" proclaimed the word of God, made an easy transfer and subconsciously assumed the man in the pulpit was God. He installed this Almighty Father as the Super-Ego. " . . . if his Father was God, he himself was God's only beloved Son, Jesus Christ."

THIS description of Wilson's character becomes the model for explaining his career as educator, politician and president. Hence, in negotiations with the British in 1915, he desired to lead a crusade that would establish himself as "judge of the world" and grew ill and depressed when British disinterest in an impartial peace frustrated his desires. As Christ, he guided the nation in 1917, not merely to war but upon a great moral crusade. He journeyed to the Paris Peace Conference because he wished to judge the world in person.

Because he was incapable of employing masculine techniques

—Continued on Page 11



WILSON - A FOXY AND CUNNING MAN, SAYS CALIFORNIA SENATOR

Letters edited for The Guardian by Hiram Johnson III.

Feb. 9, 1918: To Mrs. Amy Johnson: "We hear much now about this must be the last war and yet the peoples of the earth must be so safe-guarded when peace is made then no such cataclysm ever again can occur."

"I have a very simple effective method for preventing future wars. When we sit around the peace table, and all the weary and worn combatants seek civilization's protection from another world cataclysm, if the nations of the earth will agree that the draft laws of the future shall apply only to men between 45 and 65, and that those will be the first put in the fighting front, we never again will have a declaration of war, and never again, another conflict."

"If we could only send these vocal patriots to the front—these men with such enthusiasm for shoving others to their death—we would render impossible any other war."

Wilson's 'credibility gap'

Feb. 16, 1918: To Mrs. Amy Johnson: (after a historic interview with Colonel House)—"Colonel House is the only man who is close to Wilson; the only man indeed who seems to have Wilson's confidence and who is able to talk intimately with the President."

"With the utmost vehemence in talking with Roy Howard and a couple of others on the expression of my views upon the war aims of this country, I have told them that I intended to make those views very plain and they have intimated to me that House has something of the same idea; and one of the rea-

California's late senator, Hiram Johnson, was the most articulate opponent of President Woodrow Wilson during the bitter battle over ratification of the League of Nations treaty. In the third installment of his pithy, hard-hitting letters to his sons, printed by The Guardian, Johnson characterizes for international capitalists." Johnson's shocking and terizes the League as a "war unforgettable portrait of Wilson has an uncanny resemblance to that of the Sigmund Freud and William G. Bullitt biography, reviewed by Prof. Shover above.

sons we were brought together was undoubtedly that I might learn at first hand just what the viewpoint was of this administration. . . .

"I most explicitly stated to him that I could not subscribe to the President's war aims address of January 8th; that I did not wish to send our youth to fight and to die for territorial acquisition for Italy or for boundary lines in Europe. He said that he agreed with me thoroughly, and he said that the President had no intention whatever in his address of January 8th of expressing any contrary views. I said, 'But his language has expressed a contrary view—his language is understood not alone by his audience, but is understood by the world, and is commented upon all over the world.'

"His response was, '—that the message was prepared with extraordinary care, and with an



THE PRIVATE VOICE OF

HIRAM JOHNSON

attentive detail to the language, so that it could never be construed as insisting upon territorial acquisition in any particular in this war. . . . When the message was being prepared I had before them lexicons of various nations in order to determine whether the delicate shade of meaning conveyed by "should" as contradistinguished from "must" could be conveyed in the translations of the message into the language of Europe. They found that this could be done, and this delicate distinction in language was preserved throughout. . . .

"I did not say to House what immediately occurred to me, and what I have been thinking of so often since—that the subtle processes of the President did not appeal to me. It seems to me an almost unbelievable position for our country, which I shrink from contemplating—that we have said to the world certain things, the ordinary acceptance of which we know will be of a certain definite character, while, all the time we have had a mental reservation, and have not meant what the world would take us by our language to mean. . . .

"We sit calmly, knowing how the world is reading this message, knowing how the world is interpreting the words, slyly say-

ing to ourselves, that we looked up the shades of meaning of definite verbs, and, at the appropriate time we will be able to prove that we did not mean what we really conveyed or what our world audience believed we did convey."

Jan. 24, 1919: Written at home in Riverdale, Maryland, to "My Dear Jack, Wilson has just one thing to talk about, and he is making the most of it, the League of Nations. If he can get a real League, which will prevent wars, while not relinquishing our sovereignty, he will have accomplished a big thing, the only thing he possibly can accomplish."

"I dislike to say it, but Hearst is eternally right in saying that our difficulty has been the past two years that we were pro-Belgian, pro-English, pro-French—anything but pro-American, and that it is time to be pro-American now."

May 8, 1919: "My Dear Jack, Yesterday a call for the extra session was issued and had I gone out with you it would have meant turning around at once and coming back. We meet on the 19th and Washington is agog at present. The big thing coming up for us will be the League of Nations and I have thoroughly convinced myself of the iniquity of the present covenant."

"I am convinced however that California is very strongly in favor of this League of Nations and that I must act in the face of my constituency. This, however, is what any man in public office must contemplate whenever his judgment runs counter to that of those he represents."

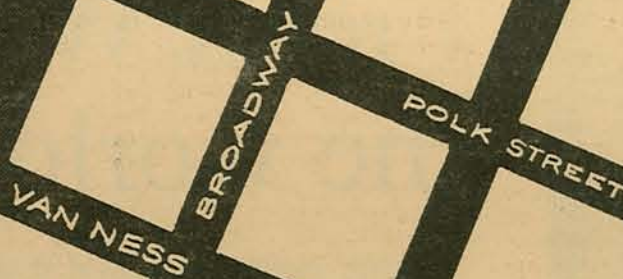
The 'war trust'

May 20, 1919: "My Dear Jack, Congress met yesterday and we are in for a big fight this year and it ought to be an interesting one. At the end of the week, I intend to write you my idea of the Peace Treaty, the most imperialistic document put forth since the world commenced, and of the peculiar world attitude our country at present occupies. . . ."

"The Peace Treaty confirms me in opposition to the League of Nations, and some private information brought to me the other day confirms this opposition. I am hoping that I may make public what I have learned, that the League of Nations is just a huge War Trust, backed by international capitalists, who prefer to have an international clearinghouse, where they can deal with and control a few individuals instead of many in different nations."

May 31, 1919: "My Dear Jack, —Continued on Page 11

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Freud-Bullitt dissect Wilson

Continued from Page 9—

of force rather than feminine techniques of persuasion, he failed to utilize economic and financial weapons at his hands to win from Clemenceau and Lloyd George a peace based upon the Fourteen Points. So absorbed was his libidinal energy by his hatred of Lodge, the surrogate father figure, that he could not defend his ideals against French and British demands at Paris.

MOREOVER, the weeks when he submitted to the demands of the Allies followed immediately his break with House and his severing "from the outlet which for eight years had carried so satisfactorily a considerable portion of his passivity to his father."

In his near fatal national speaking tour in defense of the League, he forgot harsh facts and described the unconscionable Treaty of Versailles in terms so glowing that the authors conclude: "It is clear that he was in the hands of an inquisition conducted by his Super-Ego. To escape from this inner torture he was ready to believe or to say anything." In March, 1920, bedridden from a paralyzing stroke, he adamantly spurned any compromise with Lodge and thus kept the U. S. out of the League.

IT IS SAD indeed that such distinguished thinkers have produced such a book. It is naive in its conception of history, it is based upon faulty logic, it is dogmatic in its assumptions.

The interpretation of Freud and Bullitt, in an obverse way, ascribes power and importance to the character of Wilson that could be claimed for few historical figures. Are we to assume, for example, that the libido of one man, even if he were President of the U. S., was responsible for the moralistic color of America's 1917 crusade?

Why, then, has virtually every American venture into international politics been suffused with an almost identical moral gloss even when we have been guided by chief executives whose sublimated impulses have been less exhaustively documented? It is simplistic and naive to espouse a "Great Man" theory of history or its counterpart "devil theory" that ignores economic factors, public opinion, political process and intellectual traditions.

THE LOGICAL difficulties inherent in the Bullitt-Freud interpretation can be highlighted by two questions. First, would any other person confronting the problems of 1913-1919 have acted as Wilson did? Second, were there other possible causes besides the neurotic ones of father-dependence that might have guided Wilson's behavior?

If we could come up with just one other personality who might have responded as Wilson did, any explanation that sees Wilson's personality as the determining factor collapses. To show that Wilson's neurotic character was alone sufficient cause for his behavior, it must assume that there could be no alternative explanations.

The authors not only fail to validate their conclusions by testing alternatives, they ignore evidence (which certainly must have been known to Bullitt) that questions their thesis. One example suffices to illustrate this serious shortcoming.

Few historians could accept the judgment that the Treaty of Versailles was totally unconscionable and a cynical victory for selfish power politics. Harold Nicolson argues persuasively in "Peacemaking, 1919" that the Europe that emerged from Versailles approximated the ideal of self-determination of peoples far more than the Europe of 1914. If the distraught Wilson yielded to every demand of Clemenceau, why did the French prime minister face bitter criticism from right wing and military sources (including Marshall Foch) who contended his concessions left France helpless against future German threats?

FOR MORE than a decade an influential group of historians has urged its colleagues to use psychoanalysis as a tool for probing the past. The problems illustrated by this book are sufficient to challenge that advice. To question the efficacy of a wedding of psychoanalysis and history is not to doubt the integrity of either area of inquiry.

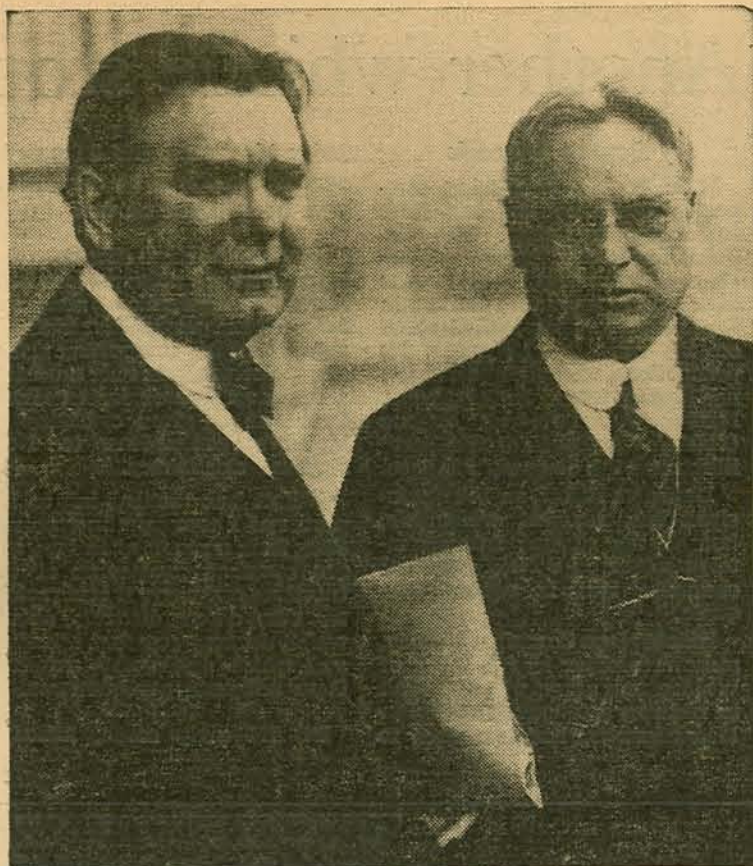
I must dissent from Freud's assertion that the findings of psychoanalysis constitute "axioms" that may be applied to data with the confidence of mathematical theorems. Few sciences (and none of the social sciences) aspire to more than "statistical" or "probability" judgments and

carefully stop short of the tenuous attempt to apply probability theorems to an individual case.

Contributions of psychoanalysis have come not from "axioms" but from prolonged and meticulous and highly individualized counselling sessions (often more intuitive than scientific) where the patient endeavors to reconstruct his own character. To attempt to reproduce this process with the absence of the central figure can be nothing more than questionable inference. Under the circumstances, it is virtually impossible to avoid the logical pitfall of selecting only evidence that affirms the theory being tested.

If the purpose of history is to explain, not to conjecture, students of history must reject both the methods and the conclusions of this book. If the study of history is to keep step with advances made in other social sciences, it must seek methods less captive of the individual prejudices of writers and get on with the crucial but less sensational task of marshalling its data in the quest of explanations of behavior in the past that are reliable and can be validated.

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Sens. Hiram Johnson (right) and William E. Borah during the League of Nations fight.

HIRAM JOHNSON LETTERS

Continued from Page 9—

bitter in denouncing the League of Nations; but I firmly believe it to be the most iniquitous thing presented at least during my lifetime and so believing I shall not hesitate to declare myself.

"In the East sentiment has changed greatly; and I think on a referendum the thing would be beaten. I gather from my California correspondence that 80 percent of our people are for the present document. How any man of liberal views can support it passes my comprehension.

"One of the notable things of the East is that every liberal paper has turned against Wilson and his League. The peace made at Paris is a travesty on his fourteen points. It is a mockery of every idealistic utterance, that diplomats of the various nations have played the same old game of grab and gouge, and the accessions of territory of principal participants stagger belief. . . .

"The League of Nations is a product of this cupidity and intrigue; the instrument for their maintenance and preservation. However, you will read some of this in my speech and I'll not twice inflict it upon you."

June 12, 1919: "My Dear Boys, The last ten days have been busy, exciting and very full and I have been utterly unable to respond to my mail. I have some hundreds of letters from all over the Union on the speech I delivered on the League of Nations and outside of California, I think it is no exaggeration to say that they are more than ten to one commendatory.

"The sentiment is changing in the East and in a short time I think it is likely to be against the proposed covenant. People writing me nastily in most instances are ministers in California. The explanation for this I have given you in previous letters. They are simply now seeking to make amends for their cowardice during the war and for their denial of the so-called principles of Christianity in that period."

July 2, 1919: "My Dear Boys, I leave tomorrow for Detroit. . . . I think the people are delighted to have me come because they recognize that mine was the only voice originally crying out for their loved ones.

"I shall from Detroit go to New York and then on Monday commence my itinerary in New England. . . . We had a wonderful meeting in New York. Car-

negie Hall was jammed and outside the hall were as many more people. The meeting was a scream from beginning to end. It was utterly impossible to make a connected speech because of the intense enthusiasm.

"I really made a rotten speech but as we have often said, what's the difference as long as it got by, and it really got by. I could not finish a sentence because the crowd would anticipate it. I have never before heard the President of the United States treated in such fashion.

"My first mention of him, which was wholly incidental, brought from all parts of the audience cries of 'Traitor, Traitor.' My next mention of him, which was of like sort and only in passing, and not in denunciation at all, brought the whole audience booing. The audience was just a cross section of New York; a shirt front and plug hat brigade who represented the ordinary man on the street, the merchant and the proletarian.

"If you could judge by the cheering, they were one mind. I doubt if ever I had a more enthusiastic meeting. The reception when I came on the stage, long before I was introduced, was mighty touching.

"It was the sort of continued applause with which you are familiar in meetings; and in various remarks about the Presidency and the like, in different sections of the hall that would start the cheering, and it continued a long time. The end of the speech was a repetition that was really surprising and gratifying to me."

(Sen. Johnson's speaking itinerary): **July 7—Providence, Rhode Island; July 8, Boston, Massachusetts; July 9, Portland, Maine; July 10, Manchester, New Hampshire; July 11, Concord, New Hampshire, and Burlington, Vermont; July 12, Springfield, Massachusetts.**

July 16, 1919: "I have had a bruising time but I am very glad I undertook it. I got away from the putrescence of Washington and the fetid atmosphere of the Senate and moved with just common people for a week. At home my old optimism has revived. . . .

"First, let me tell you that of the men on our side of the chamber in the Senate, none dared go out on the stump except the very few meetings that Borah held last February and March. The pressure has been so great and the coercion exer-

cised so compelling that grave and reverent senators prefer to wrap themselves in their dignity rather than taking the chances of meeting the populace. . . .

"The Boston demonstration I won't attempt to describe to you because it simply beggars description. In all the wild demonstrations of 1912, and I was in many of them, I never saw the Boston meeting excelled. At five minutes to twelve, I was before the Legislature, and as I came down from the rostrum there was cheering that would have made South of Market Street proud.

"We talked in Tremont Temple, their largest hall, at night. When I finished I went into another hall and then into the streets after eleven o'clock, where, from an automobile, I talked to thousands upon thousands of people.

"The following day I talked to the Roosevelt Club, two or three hundred in number, and left at one o'clock for Portland. All through New England the meetings were tremendous successes and New England people out-cheered on the doctrine of Americanism. I was reaching even our people of California. . . .

"I am hoping to go clear across the country. It is the one thing I am able to do to help myself, and inasmuch as I have taken my stand upon the important matter here, it is the part not only of wisdom but the part of patriotism to make that issue wherever I can.

"The only place that I get nasty letters on the subject now is from the Southern part of California and I do get quite a number from there. They come mainly from those who consider themselves good Christians and demand ratification of the treaty without demur.

"These people who call themselves Christians are willing not only to condone the cruelties of the Japanese but to approve the crime of Shantung and the delivery of forty millions of people who were modeling themselves after us to the Prussians of the Orient. I cannot understand this kind of Christianity. It arises, however, from the strange psychological reflex about which I have before written you."

CONT.: JOHNSON ON WILSON

Michael Caine is 'in,' but not his latest movies

By Leo Solakian

It is hard to be "in" very long in most phases of show business, but not so in films. Look at the "ins" who have lasted: Wayne, Brando, Lancaster and Douglas. How long has it been since any of them made a fine film?

They draw well regardless of the quality of the films they

swallow a little froth now and then, and certainly this froth of affluence is more palatable than the froth of the depression, but lately we have been inundated with such films.

I suppose it is unfair to pick on "Gambit" simply to make a point, for it does have some good qualities. The acting is capable: Herbert Lom is excellent as Caine's adversary and Shirley MacLaine is adequate in an undemanding role.

CAINE'S performance is enjoyable because he is Caine, just as Brando is Brando, as Wayne is Wayne. The audience laughs at him despite the poverty of his material. Perhaps the audience felt it was supposed to laugh, for this is the Caine of "Alfie," and it knew he was great in that film because everyone said he was.

Caine is, in fact, so popular that some theaters have brought back "Zulu," an old Caine film. Attuned to Caine's comic roles, movie-goers may even laugh now at that cowboy and Negro epic. It would have been better, however, if they had laughed at it the first time around.

MOVIES

make. Michael Caine can now be considered in such a league. For, after his touted performance in "Alfie," he is being cast in indifferent movies like his latest, "Gambit."

"**GAMBIT**" shines with the cliched glow of pop art. It reminds me of class B films of the past that starred George Brent and Claire Trevor. Little substance, constant action. Today's class B films are usually in color and slicker than the black-and-whites of the Brent era, but offer the same froth. We can

Another whistle stop for National Repertory Theatre

By Donald Babcock

It is typical of touring companies that they tire and their performances flatten. The National Repertory Theatre, a touring company picking up stakes after a long run at the Curran in San Francisco, has jostled about on the road for 16 weeks. Its productions, while competent, are no longer fresh. In particular, NRT's version of Eugene O'Neill's "A Touch of the Poet" illustrates the company's fatigue.

Denholm Elliott, an NRT principal, has excellent credentials, but he has slipped into an interpretation of O'Neill's central character that is merely adequate.

Elliott plays Cornelius Melody, sometime Major in the Duke of Wellington's army, who has sunk to running a tavern in northern Massachusetts, but continues to

judge his family and himself against standards of the gentleman he believes he was.

O'NEILL'S stage directions demand that the actor project both Melody's dissipation and the force of his personality, both his shame and his compelling pride. But Elliott projects only urbanity, a sense of superiority so effortless that it gives credence to Melody's pretensions to New England aristocracy.

Elliott has "settled in" to his part, and I complain because settling in is a result of fatigue and the constant temptation of the traveling company; it leads actors to slur over difficult details which demand constant attention and which distinguish excellent from adequate performances.

IN AN early scene, Melody,



preening before a mirror, recites Byron to his image. Seen by his daughter, Melody should show guilt and confusion at being seen as the poseur he is, but still must forcibly suppress his embarrassment by assuming

an unruffled air. The sequence of Melody's emotions at this moment is carefully spelled out by O'Neill, because Melody's guilt establishes a self-awareness in the Major which emphasizes the pathos in his loss of stature and the willfulness of his self-deception. It also provides a psychological foundation for Melody's later acceptance of his real station as a "mick" barkeep. But the sequence of emotion was barely visible in Elliott's rendition; he slurred the emotions so that none of the guilt and self-consciousness emerged. Such indifference to nuances grows out of weeks of performances before undemanding audiences.

JEANNE HEPPLER, playing Melody's daughter, Sara, showed similar shallowness. Sara's char-

acter is complex: she loves her father even while attempting to destroy the grandiose illusions which have become his only means of self-respect, although she calculatingly seduces the son of a Yankee trader to force him to rescue her from her father and his pretensions, we know she also loves the boy.

Miss Hepple, however, made Sara's conflicting motivations seem mere shifts of mood. I found little sense of deep forces at work; instead she seemed alternately only shrewish, infatuated or scheming.

As a result, her claim at the play's end that she had wanted to destroy only her father's illusions, not his pride, has little substance, and her realization that she loves the Yankee boy for himself and not because he can take her away from her family, seems simply another change of mood rather than an affirmation of her capacity to love. And because the company had not given us a sense of Melody's former strength and of its erosion by his posing, his acceptance at the end of the play of the truth about himself lost any power it might have achieved as a pathetic descent or as triumphant emancipation.

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	Boxes & Balc. rows 1-9	4	48	12	36
16 PLAYS FOR 12 PRICE OF 12	Balc. 10-15, 2nd Balc. 1st 7 rows	3	36	9	27
	2nd Balc., last 5 rows	2	24	6	18
	Orchestra, all seats	\$5	\$80	\$20	\$60
	Boxes & Balc. rows 1-9	4	64	16	48
	Balc. 10-15, 2nd Balc. 1st 7 rows	3	48	12	36
	2nd Balc., last 5 rows	2	32	8	24

PERFORMANCE SCHEDULE THRU FEB. 21st

DATE	DAY	TIME	PLAY	THEATRE
Jan 21	Sat	8:30	TARTUFFE	Geary
Jan 22	Sun	7:30	TARTUFFE	Geary
Jan 24	Tues	8:30	TARTUFFE	Geary
Jan 25	Wed	8:30	TINY ALICE	Geary
Jan 26	Thur	8:30	TINY ALICE	Geary
Jan 27	Fri	8:30	DEAR LIAR	Geary
Jan 28	Sat	2:00	DEAR LIAR	Geary
Jan 28	Sat	8:30	DEAR LIAR	Geary
Jan 29	Sun	7:30	TARTUFFE	Geary
Jan 31	Tues	8:30	TARTUFFE	Geary
Feb 1	Wed	8:30	DEAR LIAR	Geary
Feb 2	Thur	8:30	TORCH BEARERS	Geary
Feb 3	Fri	8:30	TORCH BEARERS	Geary
Feb 4	Sat	2:00	TORCH BEARERS	Geary
Feb 4	Sat	8:30	TORCH BEARERS	Geary
Feb 5	Sun	2:00	DEAR LIAR	Geary
Feb 5	Sun	7:30	TINY ALICE	Geary
Feb 7	Tues	8:30	TINY ALICE	Geary
Feb 7	Tues	8:30	BEYOND FRINGE	Marines
Feb 8	Wed	8:30	TINY ALICE	Geary
Feb 8	Wed	8:30	BEYOND FRINGE	Marines
Feb 9	Thur	8:30	DEAR LIAR	Geary
Feb 9	Thur	8:30	BEYOND FRINGE	Marines
Feb 10	Fri	8:30	TINY ALICE	Geary
Feb 10	Fri	8:30	BEYOND FRINGE	Marines
Feb 11	Sat	2:00	TINY ALICE	Geary
Feb 11	Sat	8:30	DEAR LIAR	Geary
Feb 11	Sat	2:00	BEYOND FRINGE	Marines
Feb 11	Sat	8:30	BEYOND FRINGE	Marines
Feb 12	Sun	2:00	TARTUFFE	Geary
Feb 12	Sun	7:30	TORCH BEARERS	Geary
Feb 14	Tues	8:30	TORCH BEARERS	Geary
Feb 14	Tues	8:30	END GAME	Marines
Feb 15	Wed	8:30	TORCH BEARERS	Geary
Feb 15	Wed	8:30	END GAME	Marines
Feb 16	Thur	8:30	TINY ALICE	Geary
Feb 16	Thur	8:30	BEYOND FRINGE	Marines
Feb 17	Fri	8:30	BEYOND FRINGE	Marines
Feb 17	Fri	8:30	TINY ALICE	Geary
Feb 18	Sat	2:00	TORCH BEARERS	Geary
Feb 18	Sat	8:30	TORCH BEARERS	Geary
Feb 18	Sat	2:00	END GAME	Marines
Feb 18	Sat	8:30	END GAME	Marines
Feb 19	Sun	2:00	TARTUFFE	Geary
Feb 19	Sun	7:30	TARTUFFE	Geary
Feb 21	Tues	8:30	TARTUFFE	Geary
Feb 21	Tues	8:30	6 CHARACTERS	Marines

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VOZNESENSKY—A SOVIET POET EVEN MORE DAZZLING THAN EVTUSHENKO

A voice from the Antiworld

By Barbara Korpan

On the horizon of Soviet poetry, Andrei Voznesensky seems as new and dazzling as the aluminum birds that flash through his antiworlds.

Like his better-known compatriot, Evgeny Evtushenko, Voznesensky's verse collections are sellouts in Russia.

Both men are 33, brilliant and critics of post-Stalinist Soviet society. But their poetry is worlds apart.

If we disregard Evtushenko's famous role as a rebel against Soviet artistic conformity and consider instead his poetry as an art, it seems to lose power.

Voznesensky's verse, on the

THE DYNAMIC REBEL of Russian poetry, Evgeny Evtushenko, recently electrified a Berkeley audience with readings of his poems. Barbara D. Korpan, an associate professor of comparative literature at the University of California at Berkeley, introduces Andrei Voznesensky, who has emerged as a critic of post-Stalinist Soviet society. Miss Korpan believes him to be a better poet than Evtushenko. She takes us into Voznesensky's grotesque "antiworlds," in her critique of a newly published English translation of his works (Basic Books, \$4.95) by six distinguished American poets.

other hand, gains in meaning and perspective when we look at it as poetry.

Voznesensky's verse is little known in the West. Yet, the West will find he speaks our language, the language of modern man in a technical age troubled with technical needs and, often, technical desires.

Voznesensky started his career as an immediate literary sensation.

His first volume of verse, "Triangular Pears," put out in 1962, sold 100,000 copies by subscription without ever reaching the bookstalls.

DESPITE this popularity, Voz-

nesensky was not attacked as bitterly as was Evtushenko when Khrushchev cracked down on artists in 1963.

Voznesensky was accused of "formalism," of putting craft and art before idea, and his poems were criticized for failing to "live up to the concept of the positive hero," but the Soviet power structure found Voznesensky an elusive target.

Forced to print a "recantation," Voznesensky worded it so ironically that it amounted more to a self-defense and, taking courage from that, he even carried off a defense of Evtushenko.

THERE IS surely implicit criticism of Soviet society in Voznesensky's poems, but it is so obliquely stated that the power structure finds him difficult to corner.

The reason lies in Voznesensky's notion of antiworlds as a parody of our modern age. It is the complete inversion of familiar perspective to lend surface and depth to a new world of vision and aperçus.

Antiworlds are projections of the poet's eye where every object is suddenly transformed into its very opposite, where "there are no women—just anti-men."

The new worlds of the "anti" are imagined states, but their

POETRY

existence and meaning for Voznesensky derive from their relation to "old worlds," to the conventional perception of things.

Antiworlds, then, are curious metaphoric metamorphoses, apparent grotesqueries which point to a new "reality," a new way of viewing old things.

Voznesensky's poetry transcends the Soviet state of cable factories, radio plants and collective farms. Familiar objects change form and take on new meaning in his new world.

THROUGH the inverted prisms of Voznesensky's antiworlds, we experience the New York airport at night with plate glass shining darkly "like an X-ray of the soul," beatniks fleeing an automatized world of machine power where soon "women will give birth to Rolls Royces throughout the nation/radiation."

Voznesensky clearly owes much to several of Russia's finest 20th century poets—to Boris Pasternak, whom he claims as his only "teacher," to the brilliant post-Symbolist poet Osip Mandel'shtam, who is still little known in the West, and to Vladi-

mir Mayakovsky, the Futurist genius who gave the traditions and conventions of Russian poetry a slap in the face.

THERE IS also something distinctly "Western" about his modern tones.

At times he sounds like Garcia Lorca, beating out a tragic, sad rhythm of life. At other times his voice emerges precise and clear, like Wallace Stevens chiselling away the illusions of the world to reveal the order of "things as they are."

But always he is Andrei Voznesensky — guttural, hyperbolic, ironic, filling empty space with his often atonal rhythms.

In "Antiworlds," people become mechanical grotesqueries: as on a cubist canvas ears are screwed to foreheads, a female figure is seemingly transformed into a cyclotron.

The more message-oriented of Voznesensky's critics have interpreted his somewhat stylized vision to mean an acceptance of technology - ridden modern man.

ON THE contrary, if we are to glean any message at all from this poet, it will be not the acceptance of any one age, any one static thing, but of the process of change itself.

"Antiworlds," the recent English translation of Voznesensky's

poems, is exciting and valuable for reasons other than Voznesensky himself.

It represents the combined efforts of six American poets, W. H. Auden, Jean Garrigue, Stanley Kunitz, Stanley Moss, William Jay Smith, and Richard Wilbur, to recreate Voznesensky's antiworlds in English from literal translations supplied by Max Hayward.

Voznesensky's verse is extremely difficult to translate because of its reliance on the rhythm, alliteration and assonance of Russian.

THE pitfalls of such a mode of translation are many, but often the poems emerge as "re-creations," superb poems in their own right in English.

It is a tribute to Voznesensky that he has had such skillful and concentrated efforts in translation.

Of his translators, as well as his critics, the poet of "Antiworlds" might say:

"Ah, my critics; how I love them.
Upon the neck of the keenest of them,
Fragrant and bald as fresh-baked bread,
There shines a perfect anti-head . . ."

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DOWN AMONG THE LIONS

By Alan Velie

"Paper Lion," George Plimpton, N.Y., Harper & Row, 1965. 362 pp., \$5.95.

America is a nation of spectators. The American male sublimates his need for violence and adventure by spending Autumn Sundays in his living room watching mercenaries of Green Bay and Chicago do battle. When he's had a few beers and his team is ahead, he indulges in a Walter Mittyesque daydream, imagining himself outrunning the Green Bay secondary to

—A LITTLE CAT

nose with 300-pound all-pro tackle Roger Brown.

He takes time out elsewhere in the book to recount a furious hockey game with the Kennedy family. Ethel, seven months pregnant with her ninth child, played defense. There is also a moving, if grotesque, picture of killer linebacker Alex Karras bawling in the stands while sitting out a game during his suspension for gambling.

Professional football is suffering from a monstrous case of overexposure from instant replays, color men, blackboard experts, pregame shows, postgame shows and reams of press coverage. Here for a change, is a fresh view by a wonderfully funny writer.

BOOKS

catch a 50 yard pass, or hurtling over a mass of stacked bodies to tumble into the endzone with the winning touchdown.

George Plimpton, editor of the literary journal Paris Review, was an uncoordinated 36 when he decided to live that daydream. With no prior football experience, approaching what in football is senescence, he reported to the Detroit Lions training camp. He tells his experiences in "Paper Lion."

The book is a collection of marvellous vignettes, starting in Central Park with Plimpton forlornly lobbing a battered football by himself, and culminating in the Detroit intrasquad scrimmage where he comes nose to

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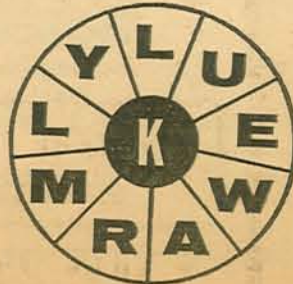
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Scramble—the Guardian word game

See how many words of four letters you can make from the letters in the circle. Each word **MUST** contain the letter in the center of the circle and each letter must be used only once. Your list should contain at least on ten-letter word. You cannot use plurals, foreign words and proper names.

Twenty words are good, 22 very good, 24 excellent. Solution in next issue of the Guardian.

Last issue's solution: cession, clone, close, coil, coin, cole, come, COMELINESS, cone, cosine, enclose, icon, inclose, income, lemon, lesion, lession, lion, lioness, lissome, loess, loin,



lone, lose, loss, melon, meson, moil, mole, moss, noil, noise, nose, omen, once, ossicle, ossicle, scion, seon, scone, sloe, socle, sail, sole, solecism, solemn, solemnise, solon, some, sonic.

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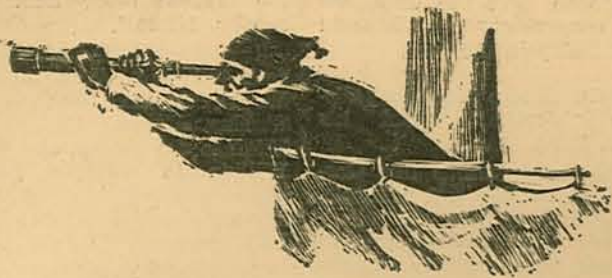
—Robert R. Kirsch,
Los Angeles Times

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THE CROW'S NEST



We have been getting floods of mail—little of it quotable in a family paper, leastways in a town which raids bookstores—on the proposal we aired here the other day to fill in the bay and turn it into taxable real estate. We can't make out whether conservationists or business interests are behind the counter-suggestion that the bay is full of goodies such as gravel, salt, chemicals and whatnot.

But we regard this argument as specious. Raw materials we can import from raw-material countries—and in turn sell them bombers, sewing machines, napalm and other products of sophisticated know-how. Think what a boom (sonic) there would be all the gravel needed from, say, in air freight if we imported Indonesia by air!

And this in turn leads us to comment on the conservationists and their concern for redwoods and other trees. The general argument seems to be that elections are won by fools like me, but

only God can make a tree (a line curiously attributed to the founder of that Alma Mater of many of us, Camp Kilmer, New Jersey). This is a romantic fallacy; because:

Because why?—you ask, having noted our purposeful dramatic pause. Because the State House gardens in Columbia, South Carolina, contain a highly realistic cast-iron palmetto tree—perhaps, so far as the guide-books know, the only cast-iron palmetto tree in the world. We should have long since forgotten and ignored (or vice versa) this note on artificial arboriculture, had not a recent visitor reported that the plastic-grass lawn of the officers' club at Cocoa Beach, Florida (in the area once known as Cape Canaveral) is decorated by several "artificial palm trees"—exact makeup unknown, but supposed, by the visitor, to be manufactured from surplus telephone

by W. G. Gaffney

poles topped by plastic palm-leaves.

Looking strangely, indeed eerily, like some of the outlying portions of Los Angeles.

And this in turn reminds us ("How these old memories cling!") of the Log Cabin provided, in our old home town, for the local Boy Scouts by the Kiwanis Club. It wasn't badly designed, it was a fairly believable log cabin—except that the logs still bore, however faded, the initials "O.L.D.", "S.Y.A." and the like—old stencils marking named highways, in the dirt-road and gravel days, before state and national numbers came in.

"Let me live in a house by the side of the road..."

Let us turn once more to comedy—such as the recent discovery of Dick Tracy (alias Chester Gould) that trees cause crime. We are not sure how much of this argument may represent metropolitan philosophy at the moment (though two points remain unexamined); first, how come nobody bothers to put up a street light at Park Point; and second, if this is a high-crime area, why not assign an extra cop, if only part-time?

The new thing here is that this seems to be a metropolitan or city angle. In at least one Mid-western state, there is violent agitation against landscaping some 500 miles of fairly desolate Interstate 90 because "trees kill people." The argument—and we aren't making it up; we have clipping files on this—is that if one goes off Interstate concrete at 80 mph and hits a tree, he's had it. If there is no tree for him to hit, the car simply rolls over and over and ejects him. The fact that most of the 80-mph rollovers on the stretches of road so far opened have resulted in 100 per cent casualties, even without trees, no one has yet noticed.

"I think that I shall never see

A widow-maker like a tree."

In fairness, we suppress the name of the state senator (now lame-duck) who made that remark.

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WHAT'S HAPPENING

The next few weeks promise to be the most exciting in San Francisco theater history. Here are the highlights and the Guardian's recommendations, as put together by Donald Babcock:

"THE BEGGAR'S OPERA" John Gay's 18th century political satire and opera spoof. Opening at the Stanford Repertory Theatre on Jan. 18, this production will show whether the troupe's calamitous "Antony and Cleopatra" or its excellent one-acts provided the true measure of this year's company. Worth the trip if reviews are good. Tickets at 321-2300, ext. 2934.

"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST" Oscar Wilde outshining Shaw in a thoroughly delightful comedy. But the Oakland National Repertory Theatre is advertising Sylvia Sydney, whose part is considerably less important than the title role. Wait for reviews. Tickets \$2.75 to \$5.25 at 834-5454.

AMERICAN CONSERVATORY THEATRE: ACT opens with a benefit performance of Moliere's "Tartuffe," then follows quickly with "Tiny Alice" and "Death of a Salesman." Its offerings will total 16 plays. But since ACT has a habit of sacrificing sensitivity to emotional flamboyance, it does not make hungry where most it satisfies. Unless you belong to the Junior League and must be equipped to discuss every production, you will be well advised to take the "eight plays for the price of six" option.

Be careful about the seats you get. ACT offers several price ranges, but some seats in the Geary theater are impossible.

Orchestra, all seats: \$5. A new, raked stage has been built, so all orchestra seats are fine.

Boxes and Balcony, rows 1-9: \$4. Avoid boxes unless you want prestige or enjoy looking into the wings. Distance between rows in the first balcony is insufficient; try to get seats in the first row (A) or eighth (H), which is just above a transverse aisle. Do not get seats on the sides above row 19 because the angle is too great.

Balcony 10-15; second balcony 1-7: \$3. These seats are barely adequate. In the first balcony the overhang of the second balcony becomes obtrusive so far back, and you are a long way from the stage. Leg room remains less than minimal.

The view from the second balcony, even the first row, will be partially obstructed by a new light frame which is being built above the orchestra, but below the level of the second balcony. Do not sit behind the first row of the second balcony.

Second Balcony, last five rows: \$2. Very unsatisfactory; robbery at any higher price.

I RECOMMEND the purchase of an eight-play series ticket in boxes/balcony row 1-9 and attending plays on week-nights to avoid the \$1.00 week-end surcharge. In exchanging series coupons for actual tickets, specify center balcony row A or H. I recommend these plays based upon ACT's performances this summer at Stanford:

"Endgame" ACT's best production. Cast changes may render it less brilliant than last year's but the concept and direction should remain superb.

"Tiny Alice" Albee's post "Virginia Woolf" play given an obscure but exciting treatment.

"Death of a Salesman" Miller's best play is milked for its sobs but remains powerful.

"Six Characters in Search of an Author" Pirandello's play is an important exploration of problems of illusion and reality in the theatre, given a production with fine moments.

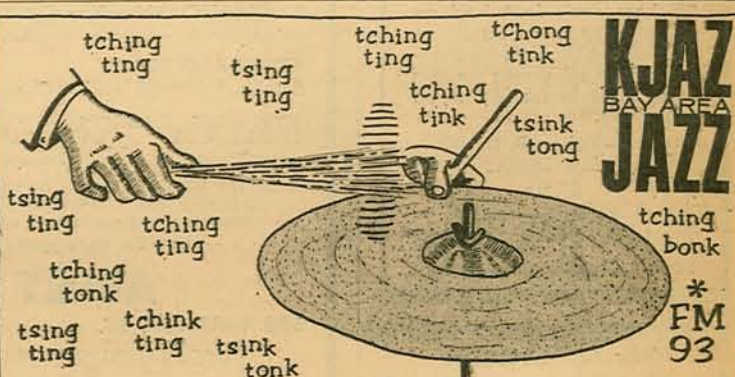
"Long Day's Journey into Night" O'Neill's finest work provides the kind of psychological fireworks at which ACT should excel.

"Our Town" This play by Thornton Wilder has an excellent international reputation and has suffered too long in this country in high school productions. ACT should revitalize it.

"The Seagull" A beautiful play by Chekhov. ACT's "Uncle Vanya" last year was disappointing, but the play is so good it's worth the risk.

"Beyond the Fringe" An always funny, often hilarious series of skits similar to, but at a higher pitch than, "The Committee."

OTHER EVENTS of interest include Jack Aranson's return to the City Theatre, "The Physicists" continuing at the Playhouse and the film version of "Man for All Seasons" coming to the Stage Door.



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The Bay Guardian
Jan. 20, 1967 page 15

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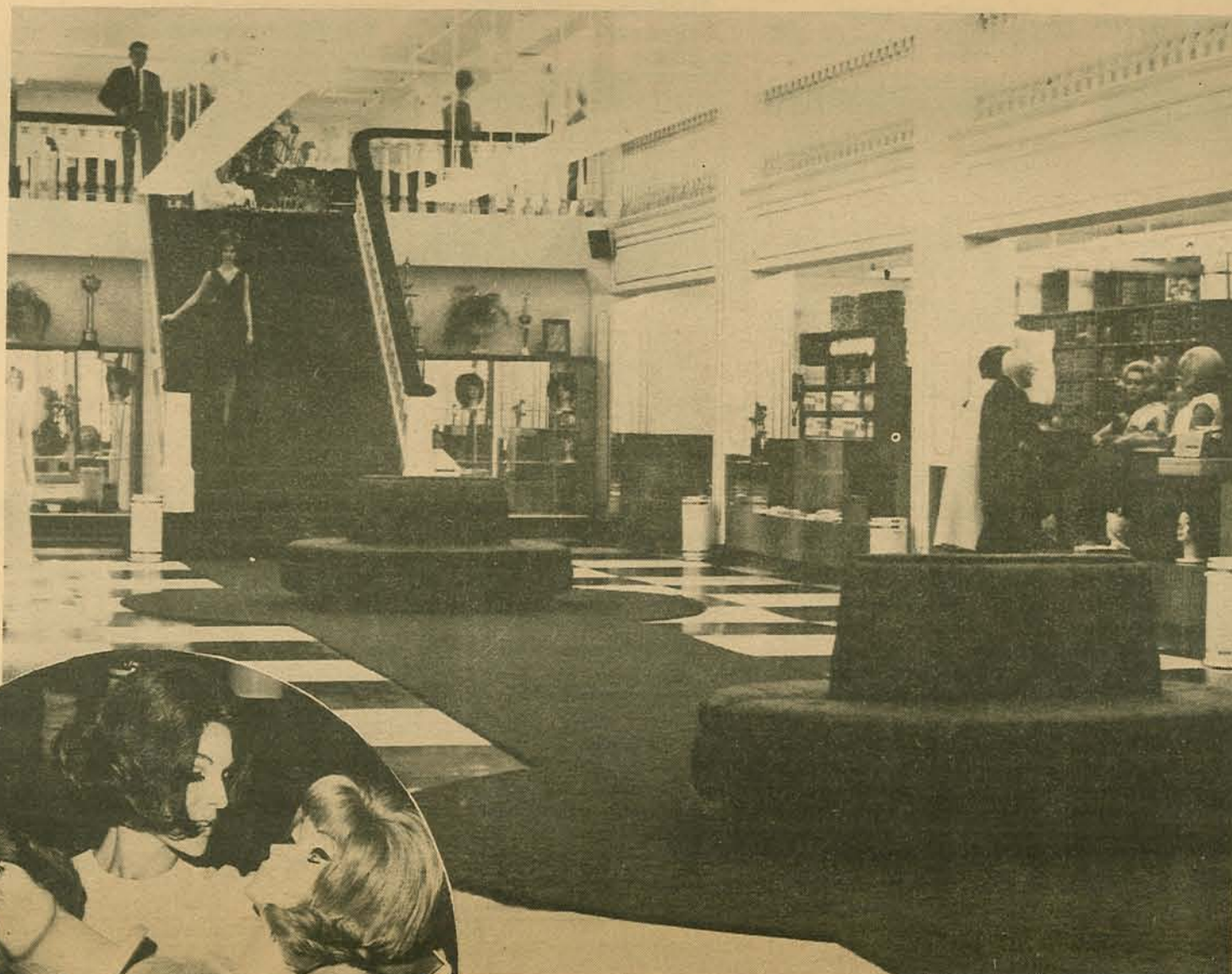
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